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Caramel Apples

by mystic_moogle

Summary

In which a spell gone awry turns Roy into a prince, Marth into a princess, and Ike into a donut. Joy, oh joy.

Notes

Headcanons in which Roy is an extroverted redhead, Marth is a royal stick-in-the-mud, and Ike is... well, Ike. xD

Also, old fic means old memes. I strongly suggest googling 'Donut Ike' and 'Pikaman' before reading. :D

The wind blew vehemently through the barren trees, rustling the branches that clawed at his window like persistent demons. The night sky hung dark and seamless, save for the mist that shrouded the moon's ghastly form.

Only one smasher chose to remain detached from Halloween and its festivities. Ike laid in bed with a book in hand and an arm propped casually over his head. He turned to the next page and tried to block out the night's cacophony.

A knock at the door shattered his concentration completely. Ike sighed and tossed his book aside. "What is it?"

The door opened to reveal a young man with unruly red hair and bright blue eyes. Roy took one glance at Ike's supine form and laughed. "Reading? *Seriously*? And I thought Marth was antisocial." He jabbed a thumb over his shoulder. "You should come join us instead. We're gonna leave soon, you know."

Ike reached over to retrieve his book with a placid expression. "Sorry, I'm not interested in celebrating Halloween. You guys can leave without me."

Roy rolled his eyes and made no motion to leave. "Come on, man; don't be such a spoilsport. Trick-or-treating is a gift from the gods!"

Ike arched a brow. "...Trick-or-treating? That sounds awfully childish."

"Shut up, it's not—!" He slanted his eyes mischievously. "Wait, don't tell me... you have no idea what Halloween really *is*, do you?"

"I have an idea, based on what I've seen around the mansion. People dress up in costumes and collect caramel apples. What's so fun about that?"

"Ah, you've got it all wrong, my friend," Roy chuckled wryly as he lounged against the doorway. "Halloween is all about scaring small children and then taking their candy. And *then* we go around collecting—"

"—Caramel apples?" Ike made a face. "Those things are disgusting. I swear if I go downstairs and Peach forces me to eat another one..."

"Nope," he interjected. "Candy. Gummies, bubblegum, licorice, toffee and..."

There was a pregnant pause. The branches scraped against Ike's window in anticipation.

"Chocolate. Lots and lots of *chocolate*." The grin on Roy's face could not possibly widen any further.

Eagerly, Ike discarded his book once more and hopped out of bed. "Well, why didn't you say so earlier? Let's go!" He grabbed Ragnell and started down the hallway.

The red-haired youth chuckled and followed after the taller man. They descended the staircase to the bustling foyer, where fake cobwebs and fluorescent orange lights hung from the ceiling. Ike grimaced at the sticky-sweet smell of caramel apples, but proceeded anyways. For the chocolate.

Marth quickly waved them over to his spot in the absurdly long line of smashers, all lined up so Master Hand could grant them each a costume of their choice.

He crossed his arms pointedly. "It's been exactly ten minutes and thirty-two seconds, Roy. You said you'd be back in five minutes!"

The general rolled his eyes and clapped his friend on the back—much to Marth's chagrin— while Ike merely yawned and hoisted Ragnell over his shoulder. A few surrounding smashers backed away in fear. "Relax, man. It took me a bit of convincing to get *Sir Ike* over here into the Halloween spirit."

Marth sneered. "I see. It's a miracle you managed to convince even *me* to partake in such a holiday. Halloween is meant for children."

As if on cue, Captain Falcon passed by wearing a clown costume. He honked his red nose appreciatively and continued on his merry way.

Roy grinned and arched a brow. Marth harrumphed in response. Ike accidentally scared off a passing Pikachu with his steely gaze.

They finally approached the front of the line, where Master Hand was doling out costumes with his magic the way Santa Claus doles out hugs at the mall.

"What'll it be?" he asked curtly.

"Hmm... a grim reaper," Roy piped up, the grin never leaving his lips, "with a bloody scythe and deep, menacing sockets for eyes!"

Marth strode proudly forward with a flourish of his cape. "And make me a valiant knight with silver armor and a glistening shield, if you will."

Ike stared. "Uh, I don't really care. Something practical."

At that moment, Zelda, Peach, and Daisy showed up carrying a tray of caramel apples in their daintily gloved hands. They smiled and held the tray out to the giant disembodied glove. "Would you like a caramel apple, Master?"

"Oh, certainly!" Master Hand straightened and plucked one of the apples from the tray between his index and middle finger. "The three of you girls are so kind. I greatly appreciate your efforts to try and help out in this cesspool of lazy buffoons and..."

Meanwhile, Peach turned to a grimacing Ike with the tray of caramel apples. "Oh, Ikey-kins! Have another caramel apple! There's plenty to go around, you know!"

As he gazed at the tray in revulsion, the Ice Climbers bounced up and down in their childish excitement. "Can we each have one, please?" they asked simultaneously.

"Of course!" Peach graciously allowed them each a caramel-coated treat.

Finally, Master Hand turned back to the three swordsmen with a weary finger. "Now, what was it the three of you wanted?"

The attention of the Nana was immediately drawn as she plucked the sticky delight from her mouth to reply.

"A prince and a princess!"

"Listen, lady," Ike rebuked as Peach continued to badger him with the tray of caramel apples, "for the last time, I *DO NOT*—"

"A prince, a princess, and a *donut*?" Master Hand repeated skeptically. "An odd combination, but I suppose it will do."

Once Marth and Roy realized what was happening, their faces contorted in horror and they desperately waved their arms back and forth in disapproval, but it was too late. A beam of magic shot out from the tip of Master Hand's forefinger and the three swordsmen were engulfed in a blinding white light.

The light quickly dissipated and they were left staring wide-eyed at their new costumes.

Roy was garbed in a royal white dress jacket complete with golden epaulettes and fitted maroon slacks.

Marth was looking both resplendent and deeply chagrinned in a glistening pink dress that clung to his figure.

And Ike... now possessed the head of a chocolate donut.

Roy studied his pristine gloves in utter disbelief. "Great," he sneered and threw his hands up in the air. "Now how am I supposed to scare the candy out of all the children?"

The blue-haired 'princess' was too mortified by his own appearance to respond. "I... I demand another costume this instant!" he proclaimed, though it sounded like more of an outraged squeak. "This is an abomination!"

"You're one to talk," Ike crossed his arms. "At least you don't have the head of a—"

"D-donut!" The three princesses shrieked, cowering as Peach pointed a trembling finger towards the perpetrator. "Ike's head is a donut and y-yet he's still t-talking!" The impossibility of this fact became too much for them to bear and they escaped to the kitchen, carrying their wretched tray of caramel apples back with them.

Ike watched as they vanished behind the door. "On second thought, I think I like this costume."

"Speak for yourself!" Marth hissed. He whirled back around and cleared his throat. "Ah, Master... I implore you to change my costume into one that is, at the very least, befitting of my gender..."

Master Hand did not bother to turn around. "Very well. That is, if you're willing to wait in line for another turn."

They traced their eyes back to the long, winding line of smashers that zig-zagged all the way into the kitchen.

"No," Ike said simply.

With an aggrieved sigh, Marth slumped his shoulders and proceeded towards the door. Roy ran to catch up with him.

"Come on, Marth, it's not so bad," he reassured. "At least you look good. I mean, if I didn't know any better, I wouldn't even be able to tell you're a guy! Er, wait..."

Marth shot him a look and he instantly shut up.

"He's right," Ike said as he fell into step with them. "Just accept the fact that you're a princess for tonight and stop slumping your shoulders. It makes you look bad."

Marth straightened perceptibly, muttering a few choice words under his breath.

Roy grabbed a few of the plastic buckets by the door and handed them to his comrades. "Yeah, Marth, if Ike can be a *donut* of all things, then you can be a princess. It's no big deal."

He sighed again. "I suppose you're right..."

Ike swung the door open with a plastic bucket and Ragnell in tow and proceeded down the steps. The door swiveled back into place, only to be held open again by Roy. He bowed and made a sweeping gesture out into the pitch-black night.

"Ladies first," he jested.

Marth's face grew hot and he thwapped him lightly on the head, striding past with as much dignity

as he could muster. Smiling, Roy rubbed his head and continued after them.

The world outside was ablaze with Jack-O-Lanterns and pumpkin lights strewn across buildings. Their grinning faces glowed like candlelights within the murky darkness. The streets around them were crawling with trick-or-treaters, much to Marth's displeasure.

"So," Ike hoisted his blade impatiently over his shoulder as they traipsed along the path, "which house has the candy?"

Marth picked up his skirts and sneered. "All of them have candy, you numbskull."

"Yup." Roy began to paint his vision with grand gesticulations. "Just imagine: knocking on every door in the neighborhood, only to be greeted by a bowl of candy-coated dreams and..."

Ike wavered. "And...?"

"Chocolate. Lots and lots of *chocolate*."

Ike sped off in the direction of the nearest door and Roy burst into a fit of laughter. Marth 'tsked' and shook his head.

"Exploiting Ike's weaknesses... how very shameless of you."

The laughter dwindled into wry chuckles. "Ah, well. Halloween only comes once a year. Gotta enjoy it while it lasts, right?" With that, he sped off after Ike, leaving Marth tripping after them in the darkness.

"Wait, Roy—!" He cursed as his feet cramped up. The princess paused to adjust the heel of his shoe. When he lifted his gaze again, he realized he had lost them within the sea of masked figures. Panicking, he began to hobble around in search of his friends.

There was a light tap on his shoulder. Marth nearly jumped out of his skin as he whirled around, only to come face-to-face with Roy's laughing eyes.

"The house is over there, you know." He pointed to the direction opposite the one Marth was heading in.

"Yes, I am well aware," he snapped, folding his arms with a glower. "I simply cannot be expected to *run* in these wretched death contraptions known as 'ballet flats'."

Roy rubbed the back of his head apologetically. "Oh, right. My bad..."

Marth rolled his eyes. "You're supposed to be a prince, for Gods' sakes," he muttered. "Perhaps you should start acting like one..."

With that said, Roy bowed and caught Marth's gloved hand in his. He gently brushed his lips against his knuckles. "Forgive me, my lady," he schooled his expression into one of deep sincerity. "From now on, I shall do everything in my power to ensure you a safe Halloween filled with tooth-rotting candy and screaming children."

Startled, Marth blinked a few times before retracting his hand. "That's more like it," he declared and strode away, though Roy did not miss the contented smile on his lips. Shaking his head, Roy laughed and followed him down the street.

They finally approached the door to the first house.

"Now where did our donut-headed friend run off to...?" Marth asked, earning a shrug from Roy. They glanced around inquisitively in search of their third swordsman. Eventually, Roy espied a chocolate donut trying to pry open the door to the house's garden shed.

"Wait, Ike!" He made wild gesticulations. "I was exaggerating when I said 'every door'!"

Ike halted and glanced over toward the source of disruption. He began trudging his way up the hill to where they stood.

Roy face-palmed, while Marth chose to ignore this little spectacle for the sake of his own sanity. He made a few distinct raps on the wooden panel and waited.

A middle-aged woman opened the door. She quickly surveyed their costumes and clasped her hands together.

"Trick-or—"

"Oh, how *darling*! A prince and a princess! It's like a fairy-tale come true," gushed the woman. "Oh my, is that...?" She stooped forward to touch the skirts of Marth's dress, much to his chagrin.

"Satin taffeta!" She gasped in reverence and moved over to Roy.

"And golden epaulettes! Don't tell me; the two of you made these costumes, didn't you?" she asked slyly.

Marth's brow twitched, but he did not speak in fear of betraying more than he needed to. He jabbed Roy in the ribs and the boy jolted back to life.

"Um... yes! Exactly," he bluffed. "You know, my Marth—er, Marth-*ah* just *loves* to sew." He gave a sagely nod. "It's a family tradition, you see."

Marth shot him a 'what-the-hell-are-you-doing' look and Roy just shrugged and grinned. The woman cooed and pinched their cheeks lovingly.

"You boys are just too cute. Now, let me grab a camera for you two lovebirds and I'll be back with a nice, giant dish of candy." She winked, making sure to put extra emphasis on the 'candy' part, then left.

Roy fist-pumped the air. "Yes! Finally! Some cand—wait..." He glanced curiously at his friend. "She knows you're a guy?"

Marth folded his arms. "I suppose it's nice to know at least *some* of my virility is still in tact." He released a sigh. "I say we ditch this house in favor of the next."

"WHAT?" Roy sputtered helplessly. "But she's about to come back with—"

Ike appeared at that moment, having finished trudging up the hill. They turned to regard his placid expression.

"And just where have you been, mister?" Marth asked accusingly and began to tap his foot in a staccato manner.

"Watching and waiting," he answered curtly. "I dislike fraternizing needlessly with the neighbors; Roy is much better at doing that."

"Hey—!"

"Ah, so you decided to lay low and swoop in when the prize is revealed?" Marth's face warped into a sneer. "A very wise choice, indeed."

The woman returned with a camera and a colossal dish of candy, as promised. "Now, if you boys would just pose for moment while I..." She paused to gape at Ike's featureless donut visage.

"Ahahaha! What a funny costume!" The woman laughed and reached out to graze her fingers against it. "What is it really?"

Ike stared. "...My head."

Immediately, the woman retracted her hand as if she had been burned. The candy dish clattered to the floor as she gazed down at her chocolate-coated fingers in horror.

"AHHHH! Impossible! I won't accept it!" she shrieked and slammed the door in their faces, leaving a dish of sugar-laden treasure at their feet.

"Well, I'd say that went better than expected." Ike stooped down to collect the dish and added its contents to his bucket. They continued down the landing, while Roy muttered unpleasantries along the way.

"Stupid Ike... stealing all the candy..." He spotted a small child wandering aimlessly about the lawn, looking blessedly lost and confused. His lips curved into a malicious grin.

"Wait here, guys." Roy deviated from the chosen path and tip-toed over to the unsuspecting child. He crept behind his back and...

"BOO!"

"AHHHH!" The child whirled around in terror and gazed into the face of his assailant. His features went blank.

"...BOOOO!" Roy tried again, in case the impact didn't hit hard enough the first time.

The kid stared strangely at him. "What are you doing?"

Roy's mouth opened and closed in a futile attempt to justify his actions. "I... but you just..."

The child sneered and lifted his nose into the air. "Your costume is totally lame! Who do you think you are? If you wanna try and scare *me*, you're going to have to do a way better job than that, loser!"

Roy's mouth continued to open and close like a dying fish, utterly bewildered by the outburst. Ike's donut head emerged from the shadows.

"Boo."

"...AHHHH!" The child ran away screaming and Ike collected the loot.

Roy regarded him with sullen distaste. "I hate you."

"It's all in the technique," he said and they returned to the cobblestone path where Marth awaited them.

"Children can be so cruel," Roy sulked as they began trekking up to the next house.

Marth showed no signs of sympathy. "Only a buffoon like you would attempt to scare a child while dressed as *Prince Charming*." The redhead slumped his shoulders in both dejection and defeat, causing Ike to sigh.

"Well, look on the bright side," he said, "it appears the owner of this house has plenty of money to burn."

They shifted their attention to a sumptuous-looking residence adorned with Jack-O-Lanterns and a carefully simulated cemetery out front.

Roy blinked and visibly straightened, lips quirking into a grin. "Alright! Let's go!" He grabbed Marth's hand to help him along, in which the 'princess' begrudgingly complied. The pair navigated through the maze of tombstones until they reached the landing. Roy released Marth's hand to rap eagerly on the door.

Moments later, it opened to reveal an eccentric old man with a crooked nose and an even more crooked smile. He balanced a pot of candy easily atop his bald head.

"Trick or treat," they chorused, just as Ike reached the door alongside them.

There was a wily glint in the man's eye as he answered, "You shall not receive any 'treats' until you show me a 'trick'."

The swordsmen exchanged dubious glances with one another. Ike swiveled his donut head atop his shoulders.

"Uwee hee hee! Oh, my boy," cackled the man, "it's going to take more than that to fool me! I know very well that your actual head is buried somewhere beneath that tunic of yours!"

Marth scoffed. "How presumptuous! I assume you have evidence to back up that claim?"

"Of course! I've seen this trick before! You see, his head," the man began to pat Ike profusely around the chest and shoulder area, "is buried right..." he stopped when he realized Ike was composed of nothing but sinewy muscle.

"Continue," Marth egged on.

The man took a step back and gazed up at him with wide eyes. Ike swiveled his donut head around once more after about ten seconds of staring.

With silent solemnity, the man reached up to hand his entire candy pot to Ike. He then scuttled back into his home and slammed the door shut.

"Works every time," said Ike, eliciting a smirk from Marth. Roy clucked disapprovingly.

"Show-off," he muttered. "This next house will be the one; I'll prove it to you guys."

Marth 'tsked' in response. "Be our guest, then."

They trekked over to the next residence, where Ike and Marth waited surreptitiously behind a bush. Roy strode confidently up to the door and delivered a few swift knocks with his fist.

"You think he'll be okay?" Ike asked as they peered over a distant row of topiary.

"Of course he will," Marth replied, sneering. "What's the worst that could happen?"

The door was opened by a teenage girl with strawberry-blonde hair and a flowing princess gown.

Roy's eyes, however, were focused on the gargantuan bowl of candy beside her.

"Trick-or—"

"Oh, a Prince Charming!" the girl gasped. "And a really handsome one, too!"

Handsome?

Roy's eyes snapped back up to meet her face. He grinned and made a show of bowing. "You flatter me, Princess. Now, about that candy..."

"Oh, you can have all the candy you want," the girl said lasciviously and sidled a bit closer to him.

"Really?" exclaimed Roy.

"If you'll be my date for the party tonight, stud-muffin!"

Back in the bushes, Marth's jaw dropped all the way to the ground. His face began to form into the deepest, darkest scowl man had ever seen.

"Why I ought to..."

Ike looked vaguely amused. "Go ahead, then," he affirmed.

Marth didn't need to be told twice. He marched out of the bush and up the stairs, prepared to give that girl a piece of his royal mind.

Meanwhile, Roy was squirming for an excuse to get away. "Uh, look. I'm really flattered and all, but I already *have*—"

"—a princess to escort tonight," Marth finished crisply. He began to tap his foot in a staccato manner as he shot her an infernal glare.

She scoffed and turned to Roy. "You would rather escort this man in drag than beautiful me?"

"A man in drag, perhaps, but I am much more beautiful than a *spoiled brat* like you!"

The girl gasped, clearly affronted. "How dare you! So you think you're the prettier princess, huh? Well, prove it!"

With a confident mien, Marth lifted the hemline of his skirt to show off his pretty ballet flats.

The girl smirked and lifted hers to reveal glass slippers.

Glowering, Marth showed off his arm-length, white satin gloves.

The girl cast him a flippant look and flaunted her arm-length, white satin gloves with lace ruffles.

"That is *it*!" Marth removed his prized tiara and brandished it in the air. Its sheen caught in the foyer light with such scintillating ferocity the girl was left in a daze.

"P-Pure gold!" she sputtered, then turned to regard Marth with sudden reverence. "Oh my god, I am soo sorry! I didn't realize you were actual royalty! Please don't hurt me!" She quickly handed him the giant candy bowl and closed the door.

There was a heavy silence.

Roy trailed his eyes to Marth, rubbing his neck in embarrassment. "Thanks, man."

Marth tightened his fists. "You're lucky I'm here dressed in this ridiculous costume," he spat, then let his gaze drop off to the side. "Otherwise I don't know what I would have done."

Roy blinked. "Marth..."

With an exasperated sigh, the 'princess' shoved the candy bowl towards him. "Keep it. I have no use for this much candy; although I would appreciate it if you saved me a few Almond Joys."

A smile began to form on Roy's lips as he accepted it. "You're the best."

"I know," Marth smiled back. "So are—"

Ike appeared at the foot of the steps at that moment, pointing to the gargantuan bowl of candy in Roy's possession. "I take it was a success?"

"More or less," Roy said as he added the contents of the bowl to his bucket. He turned to Marth, whose visage was now set into a scowl. "Er, so what were you saying...?"

"Nothing, nothing," he replied sharply and brushed past them. Ike and Roy exchanged glances, before shrugging it off and following after him.

The three swordsmen proceeded down one of the winding roads until the myriad of trick-or-treaters dwindled significantly. They stopped once they approached the brink of a forest. Before them laid a wide, paved pathway bathed in a chiaroscuro of moonlight and shadows.

"You know..." Roy trailed off devilishly. "They say there's a mansion in the forest that appears only once every Halloween. If you find it, the man who lives there will grant you a share of his infinite candy stash."

Marth crossed his arms. "That is, without a doubt, the most absurd thing I've ever been privy to."

"Hm." Ike hoisted Ragnell over his shoulder. "I have to agree."

"Aw, come on, guys! How absurd is it really? We live in a giant mansion filled with talking animals and disembodied gloves, for crying out loud!"

Ike turned to Marth. "He's got a point."

"See?" Roy enthused. "It's not nearly as absurd as you think it is!"

Marth wrinkled his nose in distaste. "That is hardly the problem here, Roy. You are comparing two entirely different matters in hopes of justifying your stupidly naive, baseless claim."

"It isn't baseless! Last year, one of the smashers at the mansion—"

"Wait," Ike commanded suddenly. He craned his donut head a little further to the south. "Did anyone else hear that?"

"Yeah," Roy said. "What is it?"

"Hmph. I hear nothing of the sort."

A silence fell over the swordsmen as they listened closely for any signs of disruption. There was a slight rustling noise emitting from beyond the road they had just passed, and that was when they saw it.

The silhouette of a head began to emerge from over the hill. It had pointy yellow ears and two glowing red circles on its cheeks.

"Oh," said Roy, "it's just Pikachu... wait. What the hell?!"

The creature finished plodding up the hill, and it was then that they realized something horribly amiss. It was as if someone had taken the small rodent and stretched him into a towering, yellow-furred behemoth with elongated limbs and feet. It gazed at them with hungry black eyes.

"**Pika.**"

"Mother of Altea, what in the world is that?!" cried Marth.

It began to run towards them with big, lumbering steps. "**Piiika!**"

"I don't know, but I think it's after Ike's donut head! Let's get out of here, quick!"

Qualms set aside, Roy grabbed Marth's hand and the three swordsmen made a dash for the pathway in the forest.

After a solid ten-minute sprint, the swordsmen lapsed into a traipse along the moonlit path. Ike was busy stuffing his face with candy (which the donut mysteriously absorbed). Roy noticed his princess friend was beginning to lag behind and jogged back to meet him.

"Marth, are you sure you don't want to take your shoes off?" he asked. "It'd make walking a whole lot easier."

Marth shot him a weary, but menacing glare. "Only a hooligan would deign to walk around in the forest with no shoes."

He seemed to consider this for a moment. "What, do you want me to carry you around or something?"

Marth blinked, and then glanced away with an aggrieved face. "Do not patronize me, Roy."

"I'm not trying to!" he insisted. "Listen, Marth, if your feet are tired, then I honestly don't mind carrying you." Hesitantly, he added, "these boots are really comfortable, you know."

Marth searched his face in the wan light, as if trying to appraise his sincerity. He sighed. "Fine."

Immediately, Roy stooped down and curled his arms out behind him.

Marth arched a blue brow, but made no movement to comply. "...What do you think you are doing?"

"What do you mean?" Roy asked blithely. "Hop onto my back and I'll give you a piggy-back ride!"

"A piggy-back—" Marth's eye twitched. "I will partake in no such thing! I am wearing a *dress* for Gods' sakes!" He stalked right past Roy's crouched form, leaving the general no choice but to run after him.

"Okay, okay! I'll carry you like a real princess!"

"Forget it," Marth snapped. "I am more than capable enough to walk on my—"

"Marth." Ike turned around to regard him with his steely donut gaze. "If you don't let Roy carry you, then I will. I am sick of hearing you whine."

Marth let out an 'eep' and scuttled back to Roy, who scooped him safely into his arms.

"See? It's not so bad," he remarked.

Marth muttered a few choice words under his breath, but otherwise remained unusually silent.

As they continued to walk, the swordsmen espied a large and looming mansion at the end of the path.

"Finally! There it is!" Roy pointed eagerly to the forlorn-looking manor, which was surrounded by a copse of dead trees.

"Don't tell me; this was your plan all along, wasn't it?" Ike asked and stuffed some more candy into his mouth.

Roy glanced away sheepishly, if only to avoid Marth's immediate look of accusation. "Well, yeah, but we had to run away from Pikaman anyways so what does it matter? Besides, now we can finally uncover the truth about the rumor!"

Marth huffed. "There is no rumor. This mansion simply belongs to one of those tree-loving numbskulls who abandon their former lives in hopes of becoming 'one with nature', or something silly like that."

Roy gave him an odd look, while Ike merely shrugged and said, "Well, we'll find out."

They approached the mansion and rang the doorbell. As soon as the door creaked open, their eyes were drawn to the teeming sea of sweets coating the ground and piling halfway up to the ceiling. They did not notice the figure at the door yet.

"Trick-or—wait, *Mewtwo*?!" Marth and Roy chorused, upon noticing the floating gray Pokemon.

He crossed his arms and studied Ike's donut head in interest. "*Yes?*"

Roy was the first to speak up. "So this is where you've been for the past year? I guess the rumors are true, then..."

"In that case," Ike cut in, "can we take some candy?"

Immediately, Mewtwo's face darkened visibly and the room behind him began to swirl with terrifying power. "*Fools. This candy is not yours for the taking. It belongs to* ***me*** *now*."

"Come on, Mewtwo, you can't possibly eat all that candy by yourself!"

"Roy..." Marth growled dangerously.

"Can't you just spare us a *tiny*—"

"ROY!"

In the distance, they spotted several sorry souls tied to a row of chairs amidst the candy. The murky darkness began to intensify, as did their anxiety.

"Alright, time to leave," Ike said quickly and the trio made a dash for the pathway from whence

they came.

"Marth, you're slipping!" Roy yelled as they ran. "Hold onto me!"

With a small 'eep', Marth complied and clung onto him for dear life. His heart palpitated wildly as they made their escape across the forest, only to come across...

"**Pika.**"

"AHHHH!"

The yellow-furred behemoth began to chase after them with disquieting speed, leaving the swordsmen no choice but to sprint even faster than before. Their pulses raced as they sprinted rapidly back through the forest and up the winding path.

"There it is!" The lights of the Smash Mansion shone like holy beacons in the darkness.

They sprinted towards the light, but their speed was no match for Pikaman's. He appeared like a road block before the mansion's doors, advancing upon them like a voracious predator.

"**Piikaa...**"

Ike slowly lifted Ragnell to try and slay the mighty beast. Suddenly, Pikaman removed the head of his costume to reveal an adonic young man with blond hair and blue eyes.

"Hey! I've been trying to catch up with you three *all* evening so we could go trick-or-treating together," Link said with an oblivious frown. "I don't know why everyone keeps running away from me. I'm not that scary, am I?"

The trio stared in stupefaction. Ike lowered his blade and Roy put a wide-eyed Marth down.

"Well, too late now," Link said, shrugging. "Let's go in and trade candy, shall we?"

He swung open the doors and strolled in. The floor was strewn with mountains of candy organized into neat, categorized piles. Many smashers could be seen trading and munching on their Halloween sweets.

Ike brushed past them, eyeing the piles. "I'll trade everything for the chocolate," he said and revealed his copious collection of candy, much to the delight of the younguns.

"And I'll trade my gummies for the candy corn," Roy added and started after him. He stopped halfway to the door and glanced back at Marth, who looked awkwardly prim and uncomfortable.

"Something wrong?"

Marth's gaze flitted away. "I... ah..."

"Come on, Marth, I'll save you some Almond Joys," Roy teased. "I know they're your favorite."

"Ah, yes, yes. You're right. I've nothing to worry about." Marth hesitantly strode over to the door, only to be stopped. Roy opened the door for him and bowed deeply.

"After you, my lady." He made a sweeping gesture out into the foyer. Marth was about to thwap him on the head, but he stopped short once he saw the smile that graced Roy's lips.

With a sigh of long-suffering, Marth leaned over and kissed Roy on the cheek. "Thank you for

escorting me tonight, my prince," he said softly and strode in.

Roy stood there in bewilderment for a moment, before a wide smile spread across his face. He followed after them and the smashers spent the remainder of Halloween eating, sharing, and trading candy.

And—much to Ike's chagrin—there were still *plenty* of caramel apples to go around.

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